

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

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NO JOB TOO GREAT!  
NO JOB TOO SMALL!

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED

Love the Bow on Life's Cloud.  
Love is the only bow on life's dark cloud. It is the morning and evening star. It shines on the babe, and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the mother of art, inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light of every heart, builder of every home, kindler of every fire on the hearth, it was the first dress of immortality. It fills the world with melody, for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchanter that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal queens and kings of common clay. It is the perfume of that wonderful flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts, but with it—earth is heaven and we are gods.—The late, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

Had Given It Away.  
Lucille's mother had taken her for an outing. Now that the hour for luncheon had arrived, she called to the little girl:

"Lucille, we will now have a little roll and some chocolate, and you shall pay with the two sous I gave you but a short time since."

"Oh, mamma," cried Lucille, "I have already given the two sous away to an old woman!"

"I am so glad you have disposed of the money in such a charitable way. How did you happen to present it to the old woman?" asked the mother.

"Well, you see, I gave it to her in payment for two nice apples," confessed Lucille.

FIND COMFORT IN THE NIGHT.  
Small Sorrows Quickly Vanish in Its Friendly Shade.

And yet it seems so full of comfort and strength, the night. In its great presence, our small sorrows creep away ashamed. The day has been full of fret and care, and our hearts have been so full of bitter thoughts, and the world has seemed so hard and wrong to us. Then, night, like some great loving mother, gently lays her hands upon our fevered heads and turns our little tear-stained faces up to hers, and smiles; and though she does not speak, we know what she would say, and lay our hot, flushed cheeks against her bosom, and the pain is gone.

Night's heart is full of pity for us; she takes our hand in hers, and the little world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and borne on her dark wings we pass for a moment into a mightier presence than her own, and in the wondrous light of that great presence all human life lies like a hawk before us, and we know that pain and sorrow are but the angels of God.—Jerome K. Jerome.

How Seminoles Bury Their Dead.  
Seminoles bury their dead on top of the ground, after wrapping them in blankets, but always leave the top of the head exposed. They build a pen over the body and usually think it with earth. When his squaw dies, the husband wears his shirt until it rots off, which is not strikingly distinctive. When the husband dies, the squaw doesn't comb her hair for three months. Little reverence is shown for the dead. When Tom Tiger's grave was robbed and his bones taken for exhibition the outcry over the desecration was almost wholly a newspaper affair. The nearest settlers were unalarmed and the Indians indifferent.—From "A Vanishing Race," by A. W. Dimock, in Collier's.

Manufacturing Chords.  
"How is your daughter getting on?" "Splendidly. She's busy just now at Beethoven's works."

"What is it, one of those pottery pieces?"

## The Holiness Meetings.



REV. W. W. STROTHER AND FAMILY.

REV. W. W. STROTHER, of Des Arc, Mo., assisted by members of his church, is holding a series of meetings in the Courthouse here this week. To-day (Wednesday) they will be joined by the Holiness choir of Des Arc, and will visit various homes in the Valley, holding short services.

Sunday last, Rev. Strother preached at Fort Hill Church, through the kindness and courtesy of Rev. Aspley, who then announced that he would omit his evening service, asking his congregation to attend the meeting at the courthouse, instead.

Considerable interest is being manifested in these meetings, and the attendance is large and increasing. With the advent of the choir, the assemblages will no doubt be greatly augmented. Rev. Strother preaches the Bible, earnestly, feelingly, forcibly. The services at the courthouse will continue through the week, concluding Sunday.

### Hadley and the Brewers.

(From the Lexington News.)

If there was anything needed to unmask Attorney General Hadley and show him to the world as he really is, it occurred at the republican banquet down at St. Louis.

In the campaign Hadley invaded the dry sections of the state and charged that the brewers were backing Cowherd and contributing money to secure his election.

Not a few soft heads throughout Missouri swallowed the jayhawker bait and scratched Wm. S. Cowherd.

When the returns came in the vote on governor in St. Louis and St. Louis county indicated that Hadley's trap "caught 'em gyan and comin'."

Water and oil will not mix, but wet and dry votes will elect when they are cast for the same candidate. They did elect in the case of Herbert S. Hadley and the returns were sufficient, to convince any "dry" man with as much brains as a sheep that he had been bunched good and plenty.

There's an old saw which, amended, reads:

"Convince a fool against his will, He's of the same opinion still."

The pretended democrats who scratched Cowherd and voted for Hadley nearly all come within the meaning of this old aphorism and they remained steadfast in the belief that they had saved the country from the blighting influence of the breweries by electing Hadley.

More evidence was needed to open their eyes and the St. Louis gathering to ratify Hadley's election certainly supplied sufficient argument for the softest head that ever marked a democratic ballot.

The arrangement committee that had in charge the banquet, announced that only coffee and water would be served, but the brewers decreed otherwise and their wishes prevailed.

Only two carloads of beer were consumed by the banqueters, and Otto Stifel, a pudgy fingered manufacturer of the suds, came second only to immaculate Hadley in the attention received.

Chairman Howe broke one beer bottle trying to quiet the turbulent, but he grasped the empty bottle of governor-elect Hadley and began rap vigorously with that. Oh! the magic that was imparted to that "empty soldier" by the lips of the transplanted Jayhawker.

A muffled thud or two from Hadley's bottle reverberated thro' the banquet hall like the ominous thunder of an approaching storm.

Its detonating and commanding roar rolled through the galleries and aroused the colored contingent who were permitted to roost high and sniff the tantalizing odors of the rich spread and the secondhand malt of their white co-laborers for good government and prosperity.

That is a plain spectacle of the scenes which were enacted at the celebration of the election of a

man who all through his campaign denied any connection with the brewery element of St. Louis. Thousands of voters were led to desert their party candidate and vote for him on his hypocritical claims.

### Police Veracity.

In his admirable statement before the City Club of Chicago on the 12th, of his work at purifying the ballot, Frank J. Loush candidly declared that policemen cannot be relied upon to expose political frauds. He was careful to say that this is not because policemen are wicked beyond other men, but because they are expected by superiors to "go the distance" in the direction of which their superiors want them to go. If they shrink, obstacles are thrown in the way of promotion, and to-boggan slides are conveniently provided for dismissal. It is true, not alone in Chicago, but in every other city. Policemen who would not testify falsely in private affairs do so glibly in police affairs. They are like the newspaper man who writes what he is ordered to. They obey orders and when there are no orders they obey the orders they know would come if the superior dared issue them. This is the life the policeman is trained to live.—Chicago Public.

### James A. Tubbs.

Death Friday morning robbed Butler county of probably its best known and most popular citizen, James A. Tubbs, "Uncle Jimmie." The Harvester not only did this but prevented the joyous celebration of the sixtieth anniversary next February of the happy married life the dead man and his bereaved wife had enjoyed.

Mr. Tubbs likely was the oldest consistent Democrat in the state of Missouri. A short while ago he told the Citizen-Democrat that he had cast his first vote in 1848, when his ballot was counted for Lewis Cass for president. He had voted the Democratic ticket all the intervening years.

When "Uncle Jimmie" came to Poplar Bluff last November 3 to give his aid through his vote to William Jennings Bryan, he made his last trip to the city. As his buggy drew up in front of the polls, a dozen young men rushed eagerly to greet him and assist him to the ground. He was beloved by all.

Mr. Tubbs suffered an attack of rheumatism some time ago. His age told against him, he having passed the eightieth milestone of life. He succumbed at 5 o'clock this morning at his home in the country, his faithful wife being at his side, grieving for the mate who had been wrested from her after sixty years of affectionate partnership. Burial probably will be to-morrow in Crane Creek cemetery.

This patriarch of Butler county came to Poplar Bluff in 1859. He was born May 25, 1828, in Dixon county, Tenn. His home up to the

time of his death was three and a half miles west of this city.

He filled several important offices, first being appointed sheriff in 1865. He was retained in that office through election in 1867 and re-election in 1872, serving until 1874. In 1882 he was elected to the Missouri house of representatives.

Mr. Tubbs was a valued member of the Masonic lodge at Fairdeal in Ripley county. Hawkins Prater of Poplar Bluff was reared by the aged man and his wife.

It was Mr. Tubbs' greatest desire to stand up next February and receive congratulations of hundreds of friends upon the sixtieth anniversary of the couple's wedding.

He is being mourned to-day by almost numberless persons.

### WORK HARD AND KEEP ON TOP

Observance of Simple Rule Means Success in Life.

Thirty years ago, in a poor school-house in a back district, a boy at the foot of his class unexpectedly spelled a word that had passed down the entire class.

"Go up ahead," said the master, "and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard."

The boy hung his head. But the next day he did not miss a word in spelling. The brighter scholars knew every word in the lesson; hoping there might be a chance to get ahead. But there was not a single one. Dave stayed at the head. He had been an indifferent speller, before, but now he knew every word.

"Dave, how do you get your lesson so well now?" said the master.

"I learn every word in the lesson, and get my mother to hear me at night, then I go over them in the morning before I come to school. And I go over them at my seat before the class is called up."

"Good boy, Dave!" said the master. "That's the way to success; always work that way and you'll do."

Dave to-day is the manager of a big lumber company, and he attributes his start to the words:

"Go up ahead, and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard."

Success may come sometimes unexpectedly, but work alone can hold it.

—Genesee Courier.

Fresh Cocoanuts, Cranberries, Etc. at Lopez's.

### Love and Envy.

The highest love is ever quickest to detect the failures and inconsistencies of the beloved. Just because of its intensity it can be content with nothing less than the best, because the best means the blesseddest, and it longs that the object of its thoughts should be most blessed forever. It is a mistake to think that green-eyed jealousy is the quickest to detect the spots on the sun, the freckles on the face, and the marring discords in the music of life; love is quicker, more microscopic, more exacting than ideal should be achieved. Envy is content to indicate the fault, and leave it; but love detects and waits and holds its peace until the fitting opportunity arrives and then sets itself to remove the defect.—The Angelus.

Christmas and New Year Cards at H. W. Adolph's. A fine assortment.

# One Moment!

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BIG CUT in Price on every Child's, Miss's and Lady's HAT in the House. Special Price on two or more Hats.

## Clothing.

Special Fine Values now in Men's and Boys' Suits and Men's and Boys' Pants.

## Underwear.

We have sold this season a Tremendous Quantity of Underwear. We are certainly giving you your money's worth in Underclothing. Come see!

## Shoes.

All Kinds of Shoes for Everybody. Our Prices are LOW; our Shoes are GOOD.

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DO NOT Fail to See the GREAT BIG BARGAINS in Infants', Children's, Misses' and Ladies' Coats and Cloaks. The Very Latest Styles. Prices as Low as possible. SPECIAL PRICE ON Two or more.

Christmas Presents  
NOW READY.

Remember to Make Others Happy!  
Buy Now and get Full Selection.  
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(SUCCESSOR TO JOHN NAGEL.)

Dealer in Choice Beef, Veal, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Ham, Bacon, Corned Beef, Tongues, Lard, Etc.

Fish and Oysters Friday.  
Phone No. 20.

Cash Paid for Poultry  
And Hides

### QUEER ENGLISH MILK WAGONS.

Gorgecus Floats with Brass Churns and Ben Hur Drivers.

In English towns, a Canadian visitor declares in the Queen, the foreigner runs out to the pavement just to see that glorious chariot called a milk float go by—that gay bit of a two-wheeled thing, white and yellow, white and blue, or red, white and blue, with the shining brass churn erect at the side, the reins coming over the shining brass rail in front, the little square seat inserted at the rear, and the chariot standing at the back like Ben Hur and driving as much like that here as—in a modern town where even motor cars are unknown—is practicable.

Then the English milkman who comes on foot, with a modern yoke on his shoulders, and swinging at each side a brass-bound tin pail, in which is a queer little measuring dipper. Who could wish to have milk delivered in glass bottles, with a paper-sealed top, when he can have it measured at his door into his own jug in this quaintly curious fashion? What do microbes amount to when compared with the joy of the medieval!

She Knew.

Two Chicago women, in New York for a stay of several months, were planning a series of visits to the opera. Their talk drifted to "Lucia di Lammermoor."

"I don't know where the story of the opera comes from," said one. "Of course, I know that it is from one of the old Italian romances, but I am not familiar with the particular source."

The second assumed an air of superiority.

"You need not be ashamed of your ignorance," said she. "It is only by chance that I know. It's from 'Aesop's Fables.'—New York Evening Post.

Inventions Foretold.  
Many practical inventions of modern days were foreshadowed in a book written in 1665 by the marquis of Worcester. It consisted of descriptions of 100 projects or inventions which the author thought possible of achievement. Among them were secret writing by cipher or peculiar links, telegraphs or semaphores, explosive projectiles that would sink any ship, ships that would resist any projectiles, a key that will fasten all the drawers of a cabinet by one locking, a large cannon that could be shot six times a minute, flying machines, calculating machines for addition and subtraction, and a pistol to discharge a dozen times with one loading.—Chicago Examiner.

Big bargains at B. N. Brown's in ladies', misses' children's and infants' cloaks. Special price on two or more cloaks.

Highest market price paid for Country Produce. When others pay 12 1-2c per dozen for Eggs, we pay 15c, and when others pay 20c we pay you 25c. Remember, we buy Wool, Hides, Feathers, Roots, Butter, Eggs, and all farm products, and pay the highest market price.

E. L. BARNHOUSE.

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